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SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1863.

FERGUSON'S MODERN ARCHITECTURE.*

MR. FERGUSON in this volume has completed the task which he commenced when, a few years since, he published the 'Handbook of Architecture.' In that work he gave a very able sketch of the history of the art of building from the earliest known time. In this he has continued his labours to the present day, and includes edifices from which the masons have only just, as it were, removed their scaffolds. Yet for all this, the present volume does not appear to have been as thoroughly a labour of love to Mr. Fergusson as its predecessors. Why this is so he explains himself in the opening lines of the introduction:—

'The styles of architecture which have been described in the previous parts of this work are those which may be called the True Styles. Those that remain to be examined may in like manner be designated the Copying or Imitative Styles of architectural art. . . . All the buildings belonging to the first class were, without one single exception, arranged solely for the purpose of meeting, in the most direct manner, the wants of those for whom they were designed; and the ornamentation that was applied to them either grew naturally out of the construction, or such as was best suited to express the uses or objects to which the building was to be applied. . . . The buildings in the Imitative Styles, being designed on a totally different principle, produce, as might be expected, a totally different class of results. . . . And, whatever the other merits of modern buildings may be, the element of truthfulness is altogether wanting. St. Peter's and St. Paul's are not Roman buildings, though affecting a classical style of ornamentation; and even the Walhalla or the Madeleine are only more servile copies, without attaining the impossible merit of being Greek or Roman temples. So, too, with our Gothic fashions. Our Parliament Houses are not mediæval, notwithstanding the beauty or correctness of their details; nor do any of our best modern churches attain to greater truthfulness or originality of design than exists in the Walhalla, or buildings of that class.'

This is the moral of the whole book, nor can any educated man dispute the correctness of the assertion, however much he may be disposed to do so. Most truly also Mr. Fergusson says—

'Till within the last few years, the object of a design was that it should resemble some building of some long anterior age, with which it may have no conceivable connection, beyond the idea that the old building was beautiful, and that consequently it was desirable that it should be reproduced.'

Though thus prevented by the nature of the subject from feeling as hearty an interest in it as in describing the earlier styles, we are bound to state that Mr. Fergusson has bestowed no less research or pains in illustrating this volume than its predecessors. He has formed a most complete and useful handbook which all who interest themselves in such studies will find of the greatest service, and he has undertaken and fairly accomplished a complete panorama, whose limits include typical specimens of architectural art throughout the civilised world.

Taking up the thread of the narrative where he had left it before in the 'Handbook of Architecture,' Mr. Fergusson commences the

descriptive part of his work with Italy at about the commencement of the fifteenth century. The highly decorated ecclesiastical structures of Rome, the severe style of early Florence, the gayer palaces of Venice, the equally republican pride of Genoa, are all duly chronicled. Smaller cities are not unnoticed. Vicenza, that city of brilliant palaces, elegant in form though constructed of such ordinary materials as brick and plaster; Verona and Milan, all receive careful illustration, and Mr. Fergusson duly discriminates between the fashions in architecture severally introduced by the classical mind of Bramante, the bolder handling of Michael Angelo, and the refined thoughtfulness of Palladio. But we must not linger in the sunny south. The Renaissance buildings of France receive careful notice. In no country north of the Alps has that style struck deeper root, or produced more elegant designs. Mr. Fergusson observes on one curious sign of the times which witnessed that revolution in taste which led the way to the style of Louis Quatorze. In the palmy days of Gothic, ecclesiastical architecture had greatly flourished in France, but, contemporaneous with the decline of that style, there occurred a marvellous slackening in the zeal for church building:—

'It is quite curious to observe in the works of the period how completely the change had taken place in men's minds. The great work of Du Cerceau, for instance, published in 1576, contains illustrations of thirty of "les plus excellens bastimens de la France;" but he does not include one single church in his collection. In Mariette's famous folio work there are plans and details of one hundred palaces and civil buildings, but only very imperfect notices of eight Parisian churches.'

The older portion of the great pile of buildings which together form the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuilleries, is both one of the earliest and one of the most beautiful examples of the renaissance style in France; and we may well be glad that a building which in many respects is so elegant, and which contains so much that is interesting, is so readily accessible to our travelling countrymen. The architecture of the whole of that vast palace is not of equal merit: this cannot be a matter of surprise when we consider the number of hands who have been employed on its construction, and the different characters of the periods during which the works have been carried on. Since the day when, under the auspices of Francis I., the foundation stone was laid by Pierre Lescot, to that when M. Visconti completed the Place Louis Napoleon, there has been scarcely a monarch or a government in France which is not associated with the construction of some marked feature in the building. And though we may regret that some of the later additions want the elegant purity of the earlier design, there can be no doubt that the united pile forms the largest as well as the most brilliant palace of that brilliant capital. Mr. Fergusson gives many examples of the hotels of the nobility of France, which possess, as he truly observes, a strongly marked individuality of character, and a largeness of design, which one would scarcely have expected to find in the dwellings of the most luxurious, as well as the proudest, aristocracy of Europe. Though all are built in imitative styles, great cleverness is frequently displayed in the adaptation of the methods of ornamentation. A few specimens are likewise given of the early renaissance mode of construction, which, although classical in details, are yet Gothic in feeling: buildings over which, as it were, the spirit of the departing style yet

hovered. We could well wish that our modern architects might study and apply with equal grace and vigour the picturesque methods followed in the Hotel de Ville at Paris, the Episcopal Palace at Sens, and the façade of the house called after Agnes Sorel at Orleans.

England occupies a considerable space in Mr. Fergusson's pages. Sheltered as we are by position from the immediate influences of continental feeling, it was not till nearly a century after the renaissance style had attained full sway over most of the countries of Western Europe, that the classical revival obtained a footing among us. Slow and uncertain was the progress of the English mind in this direction. The foundations of St. Peter's had been laid fully one hundred years before we had a classical building of any kind in this country, and it was not till the native Tudor dynasty had become extinct that the native style really lost its hold over the educated classes in general. Mr. Fergusson truly says, however, that when once the teaching of classical literature in our schools, and the example of the continent, took effect, and

'an architect presented himself capable of producing designs in the new style, and exhibiting specimens in all their fashionable proportions, it became the rage with us, as it was on the continent; and our ancestors out-Heroded Herod in the strict classicality of their useless porticoes and the purity with which they used the orders, wholly irrespective either of climate or situation: all this being only too sure a proof how little true feeling they had at that time for art, and how completely they had lost the knowledge of the first principles that ought to guide an architect in the preparation of his designs.'

The new fashion started in England with one great advantage. Inigo Jones, whom we may call almost the earliest classical architect among us, was a man of a thoughtful and well-instructed mind, who, if not gifted with the higher powers of originality, applied the information he had acquired with refined elegance and studied care. The fragment at Whitehall is the building by which he is best known, and it has somewhat detracted from his fame that his name is associated with a work which was not only a fragment, but also by no means the most beautiful portion of the vast palace which he planned. Inigo Jones' renown has also been eclipsed in some measure by the greater celebrity of his most vigorous successor, Sir Christopher Wren. It has been rather the fashion among the more impetuous disciples of the Gothic revival, to decry the merits of this great artist, but it is impossible not to feel that he has set a mark on London, and especially on the city, which will last as long as his works may stand. Mr. Fergusson has bestowed especial care on this portion of his task, and the words with which he concludes the chapter devoted to Wren deserve our notice:—

'Though he did fail sometimes, it cannot be denied that Wren was a giant in architecture; and, considering the difficulties he had to contend with, not only from the age in which he lived, but from the people he had to deal with, and the small modicum of taste or knowledge that prevailed anywhere, we may well be astonished at what he did accomplish that was good, rather than wonder at his occasional failures.'

We shall best appreciate Wren's merits by contrasting him with those who followed him. His immediate pupils had caught but little inspiration from their master, and architecture soon declined in England to a position whence it appeared not unlikely to sink below the level of a fine art. This period was not one in which many great public works were executed.

* History of the Modern Styles of Architecture: being a Sequel to the 'Hand-book of Architecture,' By James Fergusson. London. 1862.

A great many country-houses of wealthy families were constructed, to the owners of which Lord Chesterfield's lines might be addressed :

'Possessed of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat;
How well you build, tell flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.'

At no period in the history of architectural art among us were utility and comfort so completely sacrificed to commonplace design and servile imitation. Among the mass, a few works stand out in advantageous contrast to the rest, and Somerset House and Burlington House may remind us that some artistic vigour still remained in the country.

The great Gothic revival of the last thirty years is carefully noticed in Mr. Fergusson's pages, yet we cannot but think that his strong bias in favour of classical architecture has led him sometimes to do less than justice to the efforts of recent times to re-establish the old national style among us. A copy is after all but a copy, whether of a Grecian temple or an early English cathedral, and can claim no higher merit; and we cannot but think that in resorting to the past as much as they have done, our architects have been taking the only path which could reasonably promise them ultimate success. Mr. Fergusson is correct in stating broadly as he does that archaeology is not architecture; but only by a reverent study of the past, and a careful adaptation to the present, can we hope to solve the difficult problem which lies before us now, to construct buildings which shall combine the greatest elegance with the highest utility. There are notices and illustrations of most of the principal buildings, not only of modern Europe, but of modern times, in Mr. Fergusson's book. Spain and Portugal, Holland and Denmark, Russia and Mexico, North America and India, all supply examples and careful descriptions. To enumerate even the principal works would be to make this short notice a catalogue of names, and nothing more. We can only hope that our readers may apply themselves to the book itself, when, if they have travelled and seen the buildings described, they will gladly refresh their memories with the aid of the illustrations; if they have not seen them, they will readily perceive the advantage of so useful a handbook of reference.

THREE YEARS IN CHINA.*

THE author's residence in China commenced with the fall of Canton in 1857, and terminated with his departure for England shortly after the capture of the forts on the Pei-ho. He relates his experiences in an easy, chatty style, and having been most industrious in the collection of facts, his book adds largely to our information, while it contributes materially to our amusement.

He delicately alludes to the occasional misunderstandings which occurred between the English and their allies at the taking of Canton. The French, by delivering their assault at an earlier moment than was agreed, not only created considerable confusion, but inflicted much loss on their own army. The operation was supported by the naval forces. By a previous arrangement, it was understood that the ships were to cease firing at a particular time, when the military were directly to advance to the attack. The French, in their eagerness, forestalled the hour fixed, and

thus placed themselves under the fire of their own friends. They were equally anxious to anticipate us in the arrangements for the occupation of the city. We extract an example:—

'The appropriation of storehouses was a point on which it was soon very necessary to come to an understanding with our allies. I saw one morning a French marine with a great pot of paint inscribing on the doors of the houses, in letters a foot high, "Magazin Français, No. 1," "Magazin Français, No. 2," and so on. I knew that the subject of appropriation had not been discussed, so I got a piece of chalk and marked all the others as "British Military Stores;" and, as my chalk was more expeditiously used than his paint, I got the best of it. My experience of an alliance is, that it makes you look out very sharply for yourself.'

In Canton the author was quartered for a considerable time, and he is consequently enabled to give his readers an admirable idea of the character of the city and the customs of the inhabitants. The 'floating' population is thus graphically described:—

'Boats of all sizes are moored alongside, or float up and down the shores of this great city, thronging the stream on each side, in a degree of crowdedness compared to which Fleet Street would be desolation. For here, not only the passengers, but all the shops are moving. Every trade has its representative boats; there are floating cook-shops and eating-houses, sellers of fish, pottery, fruit, vegetables, firewood, charcoal, rice, brooms, ironmongery; in fact, every want of these amphibious creatures is supplied from boats plying on the river. Their Blackwall and Greenwich dining-rooms are moored in fashionable quarters of the stream, and here the wealthy dine in a sumptuous manner, and beguile the hours of the summer evening, reclining on couches, where they inhale their beloved opium, carefully prepared for each successive whiff by tender hands; whilst before their dreamy eyes float visions of hours in the mazy dance, stepping to the measure of a very rude guitar, and love songs pitched in the shrillest falsetto of an untuned voice.'

Scattered through the book are numerous examples of 'Pigeon' English, a distinction applied to their corruption of our language, which our author thus explains. The word 'business' would be pronounced by the Chinese as 'pidgeness,' which would speedily become contracted into 'pidgeons,' and eventually into 'Pigeon.' As a specimen of this peculiar speech we subjoin a conversation between the author and a Chinese merchant with reference to the character of a servant whom the former was about to engage:—

'Finding what a well-informed man we had to deal with, I began to sound him with regard to a servant. "You savey that boy?" meaning the class of servant. Of course he did. "My want one piecey boy number one good." He thought he knew one, a poor boy, the son of worthy parents. "You think he truly good; he no makey that lallylung (thief) pigeon: he no makey lob that watch, that dollar." Oh dear no, the boy was honesty itself. "Well, then," I continued, "you can *secure* this number one boy makey all proper pigeon. Suppose he makey lun away and steal, you makey good to my all that dollar, all that watch?" This he agreed to do; and other preliminaries having been settled, it was arranged that I should call for him on the following day, which I did. I also bought him a bed and some clothes, and installed Ahong as my valet.'

Beggars in Canton are a numerous race. Occasionally they are found dead in the streets. To prevent a too frequent recurrence of such a painful event, the Chinese authorities have set apart a court-yard in the western suburb of the city in which the beggars who feel the

approach of their last hour are allowed to enter and die in quiet. The 'poor law' which exists in Canton is peculiar in its method of operation:—

'Any man may go about with a couple of bits of bamboo, and enter a shop, and bang his bamboos together until he is given money to go out; but for the smallest coin (the tenth part of a halfpenny), he is bound to go away, and is free to inflict his music elsewhere. Now what can be better? The poor-rate is voluntary, nay, even self-imposed; no one is forced to contribute to support these vagrants, and yet all do. No one who has strength to crawl from house to house, and clatter his bamboos, need ever starve; at the same time the smallness of the coin given is not sufficient to make it worth while for idle persons to trust solely to such a subsistence, if other means can be got. So think of it, oh ye boards of guardians, and imagine parishes where the relieving officer is not known, poor-rates are a relic of barbarous ages, and the householders voluntarily keep the whole of the destitute, and no one is on the parish!'

The business streets of Canton are filled with dealers in native produce and articles of domestic necessity. The lots into which food is divided are ridiculously small. The portions of fowl and rice served out to the lower class of the inhabitants, are of infinitesimal quantity. But a handful of rice and the webbed foot of a duck can be purchased for 'two cash,' of which coins about a thousand go to the dollar. The superior parts of the bird are reserved for more wealthy customers. The fishmongers keep their stock alive in stone cisterns. These receptacles are never cleansed, in order to promote the growth of the green weed which covers the bottom. The water is kept running by permitting it to drip through a bamboo cane into a jar, which, on becoming filled, is emptied back into the cistern. By these means the water gets sufficiently aerated to sustain the life of the fish. The doctors sit under a bamboo umbrella in close vicinity to the dentists, who string the trophies of their skill round their stalls as evidence of their profession. In the midst of the confusion, live cobras and performing birds are continually being exhibited. Fans of all kinds are on sale, including some for travelling, on which rough plans of the principal roads are severally drawn. The author had resided about nine months in the city, when its society was enlivened by the arrival of Albert Smith. He was intensely amused with the peculiarities of the people, and was particularly delighted with the following method of concluding a mercantile discussion:—

'Whilst wandering over the precincts of this temple one day with Albert Smith, we stopped to watch an itinerant mender of crockery, who was ingeniously riveting together the fragments of a saucer of the commonest description; it really looked hardly worth mending. However, it was ultimately completed, and the payment tendered, amounting, I believe, to three cash; but the workman demanded five, and an altercation ensued, which lasted longer than the operation had done, and it ended in his taking out all his rivets again, and the proprietor of the bits of saucer carrying off his property to seek some cheaper man.'

During the British occupation of the city, a telegraph apparatus was introduced into China for the first time. The results 'astonished the natives':—

'Sing-chong, the contractor, had already been photographed; that he seemed in some way to understand. He knew there was the sun, and the sun could make shadows and reflections, which might be caught and fixed, but the telegraph was quite beyond his comprehension. We kept him at

* Three Years' Residence in China. By Lieut.-Colonel Fisher, C.B., Royal Engineers. London: Bentley.

one station when we knew his son was near another, and we made them interchange messages. And when he found afterwards that they had been rightly reported, he expressed his conviction, "Englishman number one cunning; truly he all the same Joss."

Barrack life in Canton was varied by reconnaissances, occasionally attended by considerable danger. During one of these, Mr. Turnbull, a surgeon, who lingered in the rear of a column, was seized by some braves, dragged into a house, and decapitated. Even in the city, the troops were liable to become the prey to treachery:—

'Our baker was offered 8,000 dollars to poison all our bread, after the fashion of Alum, the Hong Kong baker; but he made answer that he received very nearly that sum from us in a month by lawful baking, and hinted that he was not such a fool as to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. It is fortunate that our enemy's treasury was at too low an ebb to enable them to offer a sufficient price for our heads in bulk, and they were fortunately spared any very serious disbursement on account of the same articles in detail. I think they only got three or four heads, besides poor Dr. Turnbull's.'

It would appear that the financial difficulties of the Imperial government were, after all, the best safe-guards against destruction:—

'Our immunity from serious attacks appeared to arise from financial difficulties more than anything else. It was reported that the troops only received three dollars a month; they said three dollars "chow chow" (or for food) "can do,—three dollars' fight can do. But for three dollars one moon how can catchee chow chow, makee fight? No can."

Closely shut up in Canton, amusements of some kind became at length indispensable. This the officers sought in theatrical entertainments, cricket, and racing with the native ponies, which, after considerable trouble, they were enabled to procure.

Amongst the lost at Canton, were several despatches of the stout Commissioner Yeh. One of these was a report made to him by a judge who had been honoured by an interview with the Emperor Hien-Fung. The Emperor was anxious to know how his officials received information of the proceedings of the 'barbarians.' This was the reply of the judge:—

'In foreign parts (*lit.*, in the outer seas) there are newspapers. In these everything that concerns any nation is minutely recorded, and these we have it in our power to procure. And as the barbarians cannot dispense with our people in the work of interpretation, Seu and Yeh manage to make their employés furnish them privately every month with all particulars. We are thus enabled to know everything that concerns them.'

During the author's service in China, the army was joined by some of the Sepoy regiments, of whose qualities in the field, he expresses the highest admiration. They would make, he thinks, excellent soldiers for some of our colonial dependencies, their soldierly demeanour, and general good conduct, outweighing the inconveniences occasioned by the religious duties imposed by their caste. These, he believes, would eventually vanish in the pursuit of active warfare. The care they take to avoid a fancied pollution of their meals is testified by a personal experience:—

'Their habit of stripping and washing before eating, surprised the Chinese much, and at first they were furtively watched with great interest. The parties which I used to take out as an escort when surveying astonished the country people immensely by this practice. I must say I got tired of the time it all took. One day, when they were

all busy washing, preparatory to dinner, I sat down to eat my sandwiches. I pulled out my sherry flask, and, wanting some water to mix with the wine, I went some distance up the stream, and dipped out some in the tin cup at the bottom of my flask. I was watched, and my act observed. Not one bit of dinner would those men eat; I can only suppose, because I had drunk at the same stream with them. They put on their clothes, packed up their dinners, and said they would not eat till they got home.'

The author accompanied Admiral Hope's expedition on the occasion of its unsuccessful attack on the Pei-ho forts. His remarks on the cool and business-like manner in which the vessels were manœuvred during the action. On the failure of the assault, he was placed in command of a surveying party for the purpose of minutely examining the localities in anticipation of renewed hostilities. The party started from the Great Wall, as the limit towards the north, and surveyed the coast all the way down to the south of the Pei-ho. This service afforded an opportunity for many adventurous excursions into the interior. Some portions of the surrounding country were desolate in the extreme:—

'It is hard to conceive anything more wretched than the country at the back of these villages, and their inhabitants. There is a desert of baked mud, made glaring by patches of sand and incrustation of salt, here and there dotted over with dwarfed shrubs, which by contrast look like a black eruption. The men were half naked, and more than half black, every other creature bear-eyed and scorbutic, living only on rice and dried fish, and compelled, as we were assured, to send twelve miles for drinking water. A great privation must be that want of water in an atmosphere such as this, a hot wind blowing over a parched and sun-burnt plain, raising at each gust clouds of fine powdery dust, which chokes up all the pores in any exposed part of your body, and even finds its way under your clothing. I speak from experience, for at Shang-tung I was caught in one of these storms, such as we saw daily in numbers; but one is quite enough to fill me with compassion for those who are forced to live among them. But this is only one side of the picture—the other is still worse. Imagine the sea bound up by frost, the precarious subsistence of the fishermen for a time at an end, and the bleak northern winds blowing over these snow-clad plains, with the thermometer probably not much above zero. Of all nations or people in the world, I can imagine none worse off than the inhabitants of these coasts.'

A higher notion of Chinese pictorial art is given in this book than has hitherto prevailed in England. The native artists produce Indian ink drawings altogether bolder than the rice paper pictures we have been accustomed to receive as samples of their skill. Their portrait painters are distinguished by a singular frankness. The artist enquires of his visitor, 'How you likey? You likey handsome? You likey-likey?' The usual reply is that an exact likeness is all that is required. A resemblance anything but flattering is the general result, at which, very naturally, disapprobation is expressed. The indignant artist, turning round to the by-standers, argues in this unanswerable way: 'Suppose no have got handsome—how can?'

Of the pawn-shops, which are very common in China, we are indulged with the following glimpse:—

'These pawn-shops have, superadded to the ordinary functions of those establishments with us, those of general storehouses, in which people even of the better class send their goods, not immediately in use, to be pawned, more for the sake of storage than for any other purpose, so that in summer you find them full of warm wadded clothing

or furs, whilst in winter lighter garments abound. Occasionally great wealth is stored up in them. It is lawful to sell the deposits, if unredeemed, within three years. These establishments also conduct the ordinary business of banks.'

Ducklings are sold in large quantities when very young, a basketful being taken to market and dispensed by the handful. They are chiefly produced in egg-hatching establishments, which are numerous in the country:—

'I went from room to room, but only saw what appeared to be eggs laid out on shelves to be kept cool. At last I entered one of them, and there were a couple of men with a basket on the floor, with young ducks in it. All at once is heard "pip, chip,"—out pops a bit of duck from an egg under your nose; "chip, pip" on the other side—out comes another: you see the place is all alive, you don't know which way to turn first; they are chipping all around. After you have become equal to the situation, you see that the men are busily employed in releasing the little things as soon as they make known their readiness, by breaking the shell. They are then put down in the basket: some are too impatient to wait for help, and go chirping and tumbling about till espied and captured. After a time they are taken out into a yard, where they are kept in little enclosures within a mat wall some six inches high, where they run about, and hunt flies. They are sparingly fed with some green leaves chopped small, and then, it appears, are sent off to market.'

Here is a description of a conjurer and street artist:—

'He did all sorts of disagreeable things, which, I believe, were *bonâ fide* acts and not sleight of hand: for instance, he put away several pieces of money (copper cash) between his eyelids and eyes. He poked a rusty sword all down his throat; and not content with poking it as far as he could with his hand, he picked up a large stone, and hammered it on the hilt, to send it down the last two inches. His tricks were all more or less disgusting, and the man himself dirty and bear-eyed, as indeed he should be, if his eyes had no particular affinity for dirty copper.

'But the best of them all was an artist, something in the pavement-chalking line. He had a piece of board some two feet square, a basin of indigo mixed up with water, and a bit of sponge. He first smeared the board all over with the blue paint, and then, whilst it was still wet, began with his finger to rub off the colour, and leave the representation of a beast or any given subject.'

His most successful subject was a lobster, which was depicted with considerable skill. At the author's request, he attempted a bear, but in this he was not so happy. It is somewhat curious that the Chinese almost invariably fail in their representations of quadrupeds.

The author's survey being at length concluded, measures were concerted between the admirals and general officers, reinforcements were sent for, and preparations were made to avenge our recent defeat on the Pei-ho. The occupation of Chusan was determined on by the Allies. There was here another difficulty with the French. In the hurry of landing, the national flags were hoisted on the first things that came to hand, which happened to be the studding-sail booms of a man-of-war. The French admiral soon afterwards required the extemporised flag-staff, and requested that the English colours might be struck during the necessary absence of the French flags:—

'The proposal was agreed to, and down came the two flags. The next thing was to provide two staffs of precisely equal length as substitutes. This was satisfactorily arranged under the superintendence of an officer from each force, and the flags were hoisted, when lo and behold it was discovered that the union jack was larger than the

tricolour. This, we were told, would never do; would we cut our union jack smaller? However, this proposal did not meet our views, so answer was returned that the tricolour might be made as large as ever they liked, but that the jack should not be shorn of its fair proportions. I really do not know how often we were called upon to measure the heights of the two flags which flew side by side on the top of Magazine Hill at Canton; for, from different points of view, as you ascended the hill, the flags seemed unequal in elevation as was consistent with the laws of perspective. I fear we were sometimes suspected, after putting them straight, of poking ours up in the night.

At Ta-lien-whan Bay, the English port of rendezvous, a sad accident occurred. Captain Gordon had crossed the bay in expectation of receiving letters by the English mail which had just arrived. On his return to his quarters, he was accompanied in his boat by Captain Lumsden. In the middle of the bay the craft was upset by a sudden squall. The lascars clung to the boat, and were eventually saved, but both the officers struck out for shore. Gordon's strength failed, and he attempted to swim back to the boat, but sank and was drowned. Lumsden persevered, but no help came to him:—

'Fearing to exhaust himself during the night, and reserving his strength for any emergency, he contented himself with keeping afloat, lying on his back a great part of the time. What a situation!—floating on your back gazing into the sky, darkness all round you, alone with your thoughts and retrospections! So he passed the greater part of the night. At length, after the lapse of six long hours, whilst still in this position, a sound as of surf breaking on the shore was borne to his ear. Now was the time for action—he turned, and swimming gained the beach. Here he lay and quietly slept, until daylight showed his position, when rising, he set off towards his camp, which was some miles distant, meeting by the way his friends, who had come out to search for him, scarcely hoping ever to see him alive again. I think I never heard of a more striking instance of cool, calm pluck and endurance.'

The author's duties in the campaign were of the most fatiguing nature, and, after assisting at the capture of the Pei-ho forts, his health succumbed. He was confined to the hospital ship, Mauritius, for two months, but no decided improvement being perceptible, by the direction of the Medical Board he left for England.

The author's general opinion of the future reserved for China and the Chinese may best be gathered from his own statement:—

'We should be careful to abstain from any actual interference by force of arms. As by injudicious charity you may make paupers, so, by helping a nation in such a way as to diminish its self-respect, you do it more harm than good. If a rebellion is to be put down effectually and permanently, it must be done by the native governing power.'

'By giving a moral support to the imperial government, and teaching it how to drill its soldiers, and make the best use of its resources, we strengthen its arm, without diminishing its self-respect. By increasing its trade, and assisting it in the collection of its revenues, we shall contribute to its wealth: with wealth will come power, and so the rebellion will be subdued. The first great object to be gained, is the capture of Nankin. With the southern capital, and the great river Yang-tze-kiang, in imperial hands, the neck of the insurrection will be broken, and we may reasonably hope, that we shall soon see the dawn of a brighter day breaking over that country, than it has looked upon for many years.'

DICEY'S FEDERAL STATES.*

IT is an advantage to the student of current history, when a man of large views, philosophical mind, and acute observation undertakes to do the work that is generally entrusted to smaller writers, and visits the scenes of a great international struggle, for the purpose of giving his contemporaries such an impression of passing events as can only be usually met with in *post mortem* histories. After reading the spasmodic letters of special correspondents, which seem to be influenced by the last dinner-party at which they were present, and the vapouring childishness of American newspapers, it is a relief to the mind to repose on the solid, healthy, and clear views which Mr. Dickey here presents to us in such excellent language. His letters are decidedly the best contributions to the American war literature that have yet appeared. Mr. Dickey touches on every point of interest in the great struggle, and not only tells us what he saw, and whom he met, but gives us his honest and intelligent views as to the future that is in store for the great people who are now receiving their first lesson in the art of self-government. With Mr. Dickey's views, we in many respects differ, but are glad, nevertheless, that his opinions are brought to bear upon the agitation of the great subject that now occupies the mind of the world. We differ from Mr. Dickey when he says that the North are fighting for empire (and freedom), and the South for independence (and slavery). The abolition of slavery may have been dragged into the contest as a weapon by the North, but it was not involved in the origin of the struggle, and will not, we think, be found in its result. The Yankees will be only too delighted to allow their 'wayward sisters' to indulge in any kind of profitable vice, as long as they adhere to that union which is to dazzle and frighten the world.

Mr. Dickey was fortunate enough to encounter every man of celebrity in the States, and furnishes us with excellent portraits of some of the leading statesmen and generals.

He was enchanted with the oratory of Wendell Phillips, as witness the following account of one of his exciting speeches:—

'It was on an icy-cold night that I first heard Wendell Phillips. I mention this fact, not for its intrinsic importance, but because it serves to show that I entered his lecture-room under unfavourable circumstances. For some days before, Willard's Hotel and Pennsylvania Avenue had been placarded with notices that Wendell Phillips was to lecture at the Smithsonian Institute. I had made up my mind to go, but in the evening I had gone in to the house of some kind friends of mine, where the cigar-case was always ready, and the flask of monongahela was always full. Sitting there over the fire, talking politics, as was our custom, I felt less and less inclined to go out into the bleak rainy night, to hear what I expected was the harangue of a mere "sensation" orator. Amongst the company was Caleb Cushing, the most anti-abolitionist, perhaps, of Northern Democrats; I happened to mention to him that it had been my intention to go and hear Wendell Phillips, if it had not been for the inclemency of the weather. His answer to me was (and for that as well as for many pleasant evenings, I shall always feel grateful to President Pierce's late attorney-general), "It is an opportunity you ought not to lose." This remark, coming as it did from an old political antagonist of the anti-slavery orator, induced me to alter my resolution, and through the dark, ill-lit, ill-paved streets of Wash-

ington I groped my way, in spite of the snow and rain, to the Smithsonian Institute.

This building, which, by the way, was founded by an Englishman, is about the chilliest and most cheerless of scientific institutes that it has ever been my lot to enter. It was full early when I reached the place, but the hall was crammed, so that it was with difficulty I could find standing room. Upon the platform there was Vice-President Hamlin, looking in the half-light as if the Southern story was true, and his dusky complexion really bore traces of negro origin. There was there also Charles Sumner, resting his head as usual upon the stick grasped between his knees; half a dozen members of Congress, the two secretaries of the President, Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay, and a good number of the minor Washington notabilities. The audience itself contained a large proportion of women, but the majority, I should say, were young men. Amongst the crowd, too, I observed a fair sprinkling of coloured persons seated side by side with the white hearers. I may mention that I was present at several other lectures at the Smithsonian, and that on this occasion alone was there anything approaching to a crowd.

The orator was introduced by Professor Pierpoint, the President of the Institute, in a half-apologetic tone, requesting a lenient hearing for the speaker, if he should say anything calculated to shock the feelings of his audience.

After this address, Wendell Phillips came forward—a spare, slight man, with scanty greyish hair, dressed in colours of almost quaker-like sombreness. My first impression was that he looked like a cross between a dissenting minister and a country doctor. His air was that of a man old before his time, worn out by anxiety and disappointment: the one sign of genius was the high, narrow forehead, and the one attractive feature was the wonderful sweetness of his smile. It was in a low hesitating tone that he began to speak. Gradually his voice acquired volume, and somehow or other, without an apparent effort, or without raising his voice above the tone of ordinary conversation, he seemed to fill the room. A very few sentences convinced me that I was listening to no ordinary speaker. I have heard many orators, in many countries, but I can truly say that Wendell Phillips is the only one whom I could have listened to, standing, for two hours, without a sense of weariness.'

Mr. Dickey spent an evening with the President, and seems to have been surprised at his easy, frank, and unofficial manner. Here is the description of the evening in his company:—

'On the occasion when I had the honour of passing some hours in company with the President, the gathering was a very small one, and consisted of persons with all of whom, except myself, he was personally acquainted. I have no doubt, therefore, that he was as much at his ease as usual, and yet the prevailing impression left upon my mind was that he felt uncomfortable. There was a look of depression about his face, which, I am told by those who see him daily, was habitual to him, even before the then recent death of his child, whose loss he felt acutely. You cannot look upon his worn, bilious, anxious countenance, and believe it to be that of a happy man. In private life, his disposition, unless report and physiognomy both err, is a sombre one; but, coupled with this, he has a rich fund of dry, Yankee humour, not inconsistent, as in the case of the nation itself with a sort of habitual melancholy.

'It was strange to me to witness the terms of perfect equality on which he appeared to be with everybody. Occasionally some of his interlocutors called him "Mr. President," but the habit was to address him simply as "Sir." There was nothing in his own manner, or in that of his guests, to have shown a stranger that the President of the United States was one of the company. He spoke but little, and seemed to prefer others talking to him to talking himself. But when he did speak, his

* Six Months in the Federal States. By Edward Dickey. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1863.

remarks were always shrewd and sensible. The conversation, like that of all American official men I have ever met with, was unrestrained in the presence of strangers to a degree perfectly astonishing. It is a regard for English, rather than for American rules of etiquette, which induces me to abstain from reporting the conversation that I overheard. Every American public man, indeed, appears not only to live in a glass-house, but in a reverberating gallery, and to be absolutely indifferent as to who sees or hears him. This much I may fairly say, that the President asked me several questions about the state of public feeling in England, and obviously, like almost all Americans, was unable to comprehend the causes which have alienated the sympathies of the mother-country. At the same time, it struck me that the tone in which he spoke of England was, for an American, unusually fair and candid. There are, perhaps, one or two Lincolnians which I may fairly quote, and which will show the style of his conversation. Some of the party began smoking, and Mr. Seward, who was present, remarked laughingly, "I have always wondered how any man could ever get to be President of the United States with so few vices. The President, you know, I regret to say, neither drinks nor smokes." "That," answered the President, "is a doubtful compliment. I recollect once being outside a stage in Illinois, and a man sitting by me offered me a cigar. I told him I had no vices. He said nothing, smoked for some time, and then grunted out, 'It's my experience in life that folks who have got no vices have plaguety few virtues.'"

"This reminds me, by the way, of the almost incredible manner in which stories are coined about Mr. Lincoln. Some time afterwards, in the West, I travelled with a gentleman, who professed to be an intimate personal acquaintance of the President. After telling me a number of anecdotes to illustrate his reputed free and easy manner, he told me that he had once been present in a Western law court, where Mr. Lincoln was engaged to defend a prisoner for murder. He came late, apologised to the judge for his detention, owing to his having overslept himself, and then stated that he was never comfortable until he had smoked his morning cigar, and proposed, with the judge's permission, that they should have cigars all around. The permission being granted, he proceeded, with his cigar in his mouth, to defend his client. Now, unless I had had personal reason for knowing that Mr. Lincoln was not a smoker, I should certainly have recorded this, with a variety of other similar anecdotes, as gospel truth, coming as they did on such apparently indubitable evidence. From all that I saw and heard myself, I have no doubt that Mr. Lincoln would say hosts of things which seem to us utterly undignified, but he is the last man to say anything which would seem undignified to himself. Unlike most Western politicians, he was noted for not being "hail fellow well met" with every bar-room loungee that he came across. He is a humourist, not a buffoon.

"But to return to our interview. A gentleman present happened to tell how a friend of his had been expelled from New Orleans as a Unionist, and how, on his expulsion, when he asked to see the writ by which he was expelled, the deputation, which brought him the notice to quit, told him that the Confederate government had made up their minds to do nothing unconstitutional, and so they had issued no illegal writ, but simply meant to make him go of his own free will. "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "that reminds me of an hotel-keeper down at St. Louis, in the cholera time, who boasted that he had never had a death in his hotel. And no more he had, for, whenever a guest was dying in his house, he carried him out in his bed, and put him in the street to die." At another time, the conversation turned upon the discussions as to the Missouri Compromise, and elicited the following quiet remark from the President:—"It used to amuse me some (*sic*) to find that the slaveholders wanted more territory because they had not room enough for their slaves,

and yet they complained of not having the slave-trade because they wanted more slaves for their room."

Mr. Dickey seems to have devoted much time to the study of Mr. Seward's character and political views:—

"My first reflection, I remember, at meeting Mr. Seward was one of wonder that so small a man should have been near creating a war between two great nations—a man, I should think, little over five feet and a half in height, and of some sixty years in age, small made, with small, delicate hands and feet, and a spare, wiry body, scanty, snow-white hair, deep sunk, clear grey eyes, a face perfectly clean shaved, and a smooth, colourless skin, of a sort of parchment texture. Such were the outward features that struck me at once. He was in his office when first I saw him, dressed in black, with his waistcoat half unbuttoned, one leg over the side of his arm-chair, and a cigar stuck between his lips. Barring the cigar and the attitude, I should have taken him for a shrewd, well-to-do attorney, waiting to learn a new client's story: you are at your ease with him at once; there is a frankness and *bonhomie* about his manner which renders it, to my mind, a very pleasant one. In our English phrase, Mr. Seward is good company. A good cigar, a good glass of wine, and a good story, even if it is *tant soit peu risqué*, are pleasures which he obviously enjoys keenly. Still, a glance at that spare, hard-knit frame, and that clear, bright eye, shows you that no pleasure, however keenly appreciated, has been indulged in to excess throughout his long, laborious career; and more than that, no one who has had the pleasure of seeing him amongst his own family can doubt about the kindness of his disposition. It is equally impossible to talk much with him without perceiving that he is a man of remarkable ability; he has read much, especially of modern literature, travelled much, and seen much of the world of men, as well as that of books. His political principles seem to me drawn from the old Whig school of the bygone 'Edinburgh Review' days, and you can trace easily the influence that the teaching of Brougham, and Jeffreys, and Sidney Smith have had upon his mind. What struck me most in conversation with him was a largeness of view, very rare amongst American politicians. The relative position of America with respect to Europe, and the future of his country, are matters he can discuss with sense as well as patriotism. That his intellect is practical rather than philosophical, and that he is unduly impatient of abstract theories, I am inclined to suspect. In other words, he is a man of action rather than thought—a politician, not a reformer. The stories circulated over here so freely about Mr. Seward's being a man addicted to intemperance, I am convinced, are utterly unfounded. Conviviality has not gone so much out of fashion across the Atlantic as it has with us, and the Secretary of State is a man not likely to be more rigid in his observance of social rules than the society he lives amongst; but whatever Mr. Seward's indulgences may be, or may have been, they are never of such a nature as to incapacitate him for the discharge of his public duties. It is reported that not long ago some politicians of influence and of strict Puritan principles urged the President to remove the Secretary of State on the ground of incompetency, to which application the answer was made that a man who worked three times as many hours, and did three times as much in one hour as any of his colleagues, could hardly be incompetent, whatever else might be his failings.

"Mr. Seward's conversation is not epigrammatic, and, though pleasant and sensible, has not much in it which will bear repeating. He talked to me on one occasion for a length of time upon the possibility of re-constructing the Union, and the purport of his remarks resembled very closely the gist of Mr. Blair's letter, which I quoted in my last chapter—so much so, indeed, as to suggest to me that, in all probability, the speaker had dictated the document. The great point on which

he laid stress was, that English critics failed to appreciate the difference between slavery as a social and slavery as a political institution. The two, in his opinion, were totally distinct. The effect of the present war—he was speaking then in last March—had been to destroy the political power of slavery. The Southern politicians had taken up the advocacy of "the peculiar institution," not for love of the system, but in order to establish their political predominance. When once it became clear that slavery was a decaying institution, no party, either North or South, would identify its fortunes with their own. The Democrats, or whatever now organisation corresponded to the defunct Democratic party, would give up slavery, just as the English landowners have given up protection. Henceforth, every man who wished to rise in political life, would profess anti-slavery opinions, for exactly the same cause as hitherto he might have professed pro-slavery ones. The rising generation would assume Christian antipathy to slavery as part of their political creed, and the support of the system would be confined to a small and decreasing minority. This view, of course, was based upon the idea that in a fair fight the power of the Slave States would have succumbed to that of the Free States, and that, therefore, the whole prestige of slavery would be gone. When once the supremacy of the North was clearly established, the South, so he held, would reconcile itself to its fate. People in this world do not continue long fighting for a cause that is absolutely hopeless; and, if it could be proved that the cause of slavery was hopeless, its adherents would fall away from it with marvellous rapidity. In America public opinion changes with a suddenness which older States can scarcely credit; and, therefore, the fact that at this moment the South appeared to be unanimous in favour of slavery, was no reason that in a few months' time the majority, even of the Slave States, might not have reconciled themselves to abolition. Of the future of the negro he did not speak sanguinely. Right or wrong, he obviously shared the ordinary American opinion as to the impossibility of the black and white races associating on equal terms. By the action of the same laws, which had operated already in New York and New England, the negro would die out unless protected by the artificial legislation of the slave system. His own observation throughout life had led him to the conviction that the climate and habits of the North were fatal, in the long run, to the health and prosperity of coloured citizens. In his own house he could recall, when a boy, half a dozen members of different negro families [emancipation did not take place in New York till 1820]; but at the present moment, though he had kept in sight the negroes of his father's household and their descendants, he did not believe that there were three or four of them left; while the white members of the same household, whose history he had also followed, now counted the number of their descendants by hundreds. In the colonisation project, as it appeared to me, he had little faith; and he obviously looked to the solution of the negro question by the gradual dying out of the black race, as soon as emancipation had really begun to work.

Mr. Dickey seems to have a high opinion of Mr. Chase, whom he regards as the most intellectual man he met with in the States:—

"Probably the most striking-looking of the ministers is Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. His head would be a treasure to any sculptor as a model of benevolence. His lofty, spacious forehead, his fresh, smooth countenance, his portly figure, and his pleasant, kindly smile, all seem to mark the stock old philanthropist of the stage, created to be the victim and providence of street-beggars. One wonders how so kind-looking a man can find it in his heart to tax anybody; and I believe this much is true, that a man of less ability and sterner mould would have made a better financier than Mr. Chase has proved. Mr. Blair, though a Maryland man, is the only one of the

ministers who has what we consider the characteristic Yankee type of face—the high cheek bones, sallow complexion, and long, straight hair. Of Mr. Gideon Welles, the Secretary for the Navy, who expressed such premature approval of Capt. Wilkes, there is little to be said, except that he wears a long white beard, and a stupendous white wig, which cause him to look like the heavy grandfather in a genteel comedy, and that there is such an air of ponderous deliberation about his face, that you ask yourself whether the modern Rip-Van-Winkle, as the 'Herald' used to style him, has ever clearly realised, in so short a time as one year, that America is in a state of civil war. Mr. Stanton was laid up with illness most of the time that I was in Washington, so that I saw but very little of him. In look, he is the least distinguished of any of the ministers, and the expression of his face is by no means a pleasant one. Mr. Bates, of Missouri, the Attorney-General, is a shrewd, quiet lawyer, very much like elderly legal authorities in other parts of the world.

We conclude with a few words about Mr. Sumner:—

'This record would be incomplete unless I were to say something of Mr. Sumner. He is too well known in England to need much description. Many of my readers are acquainted, doubtless, with that great, sturdy, English-looking figure, with the broad, massive forehead, over which the rich mass of nut-brown hair, streaked here and there with a line of grey, hangs loosely; with the deep blue eyes, and the strangely winning smile, half bright, half full of sadness. He is a man whom you would notice amongst other men, and whom, not knowing, you would turn round to look at as he passed by you. Sitting in his place in the Senate, leaning back wards in his chair, with his head stooping slightly over that great broad chest, and his hands resting upon his crossed legs, he looks, in dress, and attitude, and air, the very model of an English country gentleman. A child would ask him the time in the streets, and a woman would come to him unbidden for protection. You can read in that worn face of his—old before its time—the traces of a life-long struggle, of disappointment and hope deferred, of ceaseless obloquy and cruel wrong. Such a life-training as this is a bad one for any man, and it has left its brand on the senator for Massachusetts. There are wrongs which the best of men forgive without forgetting, and, since Brook's brutal assault upon him, those who know him best say they can mark a change in Charles Sumner. He is more bitter in denunciation, less tolerant in opposition, just rather than merciful. Be it so. It is not with soft words or gentle answers that men fight as Sumner has fought against cruelty and wrong.

A SIMPLE WOMAN.*

THERE are a number of comfortable social novels that meet with a certain success, but whose merits it is at a first glance a little difficult to ascertain. The characters are feebly drawn, the incidents are by no means exciting, the writing is not very brilliant, and, to the reader who is on the constant look-out for something new and striking, the attractions such books present are by no means captivating. But, on closer examination, it is not so difficult to account for the popularity of the works whose social aspect is their principal recommendation. These novels are read, because the scenes and people they represent are familiar to the respectable and well-to-do subscribers to Mudie and Booth, and because the same readers feel at once at home in the well-trimmed park, the comfortable country house, the picturesque parsonage, or the daz-

zling London drawing-room, which are their principal scenes. They are intimately acquainted, too, with the blunt squire, the bland parson, and the aristocratic mother, and are pleased to mix with such agreeable company, in such pleasant quarters. If the reader does not himself belong to this class, he would not be sorry to join it, even in a book, and therefore feels perfect sympathy with the characters to whom he is introduced under such comfortable circumstances. The ordinary novel-reader prefers a feeble portrait of a rich parson to an able sketch of an artisan, and it is for this reason that the handsomely-furnished, well-dressed, and substantial novels are so popular. Mr. Trollope is the head of the social novelists, but he manages to combine a certain amount of real talent with a selection of popular subjects, and so sets a good example to his dull followers, whose only credit is the respectable characters of their heroes and heroines.

Mr. Trollope's absolute ability has, however, been pretty well tested by his attempt to describe the adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and in which he utterly failed. As soon as Mr. Trollope quitted parks and parsonages to describe the life of tradesmen, his readers deserted him, the only bond of sympathy between them being thus dissolved. We once remember hearing a critic discuss the respective merits of De Balzac and Trollope, the result of his observations being in favour of the latter author. He considered Eugenie Grandet extravagant trash, simply because he could not conceive anything real that did not come within his own experience. He had never met with a miser nor with French provincials, and could not carry his imagination beyond the limits of his own small set of acquaintance. Mr. Trollope's characters, if not very forcible in themselves, were well known to him personally, and he supplied from his own knowledge any points which they wanted, and compared them all to his respective friends, and fitted each individual to a reality. We believe this is a common way of regarding novels, which appears so far to be true, as to be the only method of accounting for the success of really trashy books. We invariably find, in these works of low art, but high character, capital country houses, most excellent furniture, well-dressed, wealthy, and accomplished people, superior servants, and everything that is required to make a man feel himself surrounded by good company. We think, therefore, we are not far wrong in guessing that the cause of the popularity of more than half the successful novels of the day, is the genteel air which pervades every page. 'A Simple Woman' must be placed in the category of the books we have attempted to describe. If the scenes and characters belonged to a lower class of life, we doubt if any one would read it. We will not attempt to give the story in detail, but merely hint that the only feature in the book is the not very new device of a young lady (who is supposed to be poor, but who is really an heiress) making over to the gentleman to whom she is engaged that property that properly belongs to her. She induces her grandfather, who has made his will in her favour, to alter it for the benefit of her sweetheart, and thus place her lover under an eternal debt of obligation to his betrothed. There is no one person or scene worthy of serious notice, and if we judged of 'A Simple Woman' as a work of art, we should condemn it. Having regard, however, to its social attractions, we can promise it some

success, feeling assured that its pleasant and substantial scenes and people will meet with much sympathy among that large class of readers who insist upon meeting with as genteel a class of characters in a novel as belong to their own well-bred circle.

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.*

THIS is a good story, and we think that Colonel Clephane's friend, mentioned in the preface, did well, on the whole, in recommending him to print it, although, as the author tells us, it was only intended originally for private circulation. It is a thorough soldier's story, and without aiming at any nice discrimination of character, entirely succeeds in enlisting our admiration and sympathies for the author's pet personages. It is not a love-tale; and the women who appear in the pages of the book are but shadows, perhaps because Colonel Clephane modestly shrank from an attempt at delineating them more fully, bearing in mind the old Scotch proverb, 'Women are kittle cattle to shoe behind.' But with his men, our author has taken much pains, and he fully succeeds, as he evidently intended, in making us like and honour Tom Clinton and Basil Thornfield. The tale opens with a prologue—somewhat, it must be confessed, after the fashion of an Adelphi melodrama—in which we are introduced to a gaming saloon in Paris. There is a young bourgeois there who is carrying all before him, and all but succeeds in breaking the bank, when the steps of the gendarmes are heard approaching. Out go the lights, and the gamblers take their departure in the confusion by a private door. A gentleman who has lost one of his ears officiously assists the young bourgeois in his flight. The next day the murdered body of the successful gambler is found in an adjoining street. Six months afterwards we find the one-eyed gentleman among the galley-slaves at Toulon, and a sous-lieutenant cautioning the gaoler to keep a sharp eye upon the desperado, who, we now learn, is an Englishman. Ten years afterwards we are present at the flag-end of a strange conversation, in a stately English park, between Sir Ralph Maudesley and Captain Basil Thornfield, who, we are told, is a soldier of fortune,—in the course of which the former says to the latter: 'Have you no compunction for addressing me, who have never injured you, in terms which, if applied to yourself, would prompt you to strike the speaker dead?' Sir Ralph Maudesley had been a younger son. His elder brother, Sir Charles, had been a great traveller, with an especial penchant for fighting in the cause of oppressed nationalities, &c., but who was at last murdered by robbers in the neighbourhood of Gallipoli. The younger brother steps into the title and estates, but is thenceforward a grief-stricken and unhappy man. There is, moreover, a certain Mr. St. Alban, a disagreeable person, who seems to possess a terrible power over Sir Ralph, and who is countenanced by him in aspiring to the hand of his only child, Geraldine, although he has dropped from the skies, as it were, having recently come among them through having inherited a property in the neighbourhood. Sir Ralph has never confided to his wife the mystery of his grief, or of the power possessed over him by St. Alban, in whom we at once recognise the villain of the story, and an estrangement has gradually sprung up between them. Tom Clinton, a retired colonel, the cousin of Lady Maudesley, is summoned by her from London, in the hope that he may be able to do something to dissipate the cloud of mystery and sorrow which is slowly killing her. Sir Ralph is induced by Clinton at length to make a confidant of him. His confession is to the effect that he was at Gallipoli, waiting for his brother, when a Turkish officer of police called upon him, and told him that a plot had been laid to murder his brother at the village where he was staying, and urging him to go to the rescue. Sir Ralph,

* A Simple Woman. A Novel. By the Author of 'Nut-Brown Maids.' London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

* Rough and Smooth. By Lieut.-Colonel CLEPHANE. Edinburgh: Wm. Elgin & Son.

who, although much attached to his brother, and fondly loved by him in return, had always envied his brother's more fortunate position, in an evil moment listens to the voice of temptation, and refuses to believe a word of the story. The Turkish official, who is Basil Thornfield, then says he will himself go alone. Sir Ralph suborns three Greeks to make a prisoner of him and prevent his going. Basil defeats the Greeks, reaches the village, but too late. Meanwhile Sir Ralph has repented, and, in the agonies of an awakened conscience, hurries off to the village, only to behold, in a gloomy chamber, his brother's dead body. From that moment he never knows a moment's happiness or rest. After a time Basil seeks him out, and tells him that his brother had left a son behind him, by a Greek girl whom he had married. Sir Ralph refuses to believe this, and declines even to make any investigation into the truth of what Thornfield tells him, and bribes him to keep the alleged fact to himself. Tom Clinton hearing all this, persuades Sir Ralph to have the investigation made, and gains his consent to seek Thornfield and tell him this. While Clinton is at Maudesley Hall, a strange incident takes place. A burglar breaks into the Hall, and is endeavouring to carry off a large sum of gold from a bureau, when Sir Ralph confronts him. A struggle takes place, which is ended by the entrance of Mr. St. Alban, who is staying at the Hall, and who, with a revolver, shoots the burglar dead. We, who are behind the scenes, know that the burglar, Jean Boulnois, has St. Alban in his power, and having applied to him for money, has been told of Sir Ralph's bureau by him, and has by him been secretly admitted into the house. He has also told St. Alban of the presence of one Monsieur Brelaque, a French detective, in London, a piece of intelligence which greatly discomposes that worthy. The day after the death of Boulnois, St. Alban goes abroad with the express determination of returning in a month for an answer to his demand for the hand of Geraldine. Clinton starts for Gibraltar, where he finds Thornfield with a friend of his, a soldier of fortune like himself, a certain Colonel Gilbert Marston. On telling his errand, which is a summons from Sir Ralph for Thornfield, he and Marston accompany Clinton back to England. At the terminus in London, Thornfield meets with Brelaque, who had been an old friend of his. At Haverton, the town in the neighbourhood of Maudesley Hall, Thornfield recognises another old acquaintance, in consequence of which he telegraphs to Brelaque to join him at once. Arrived at Maudesley, Colonel Marston turns out to be Sir Charles, who had not been murdered at all, but, learning his brother's treachery from Thornfield, had determined to leave him to the punishment of his guilty conscience until he should express a desire to make restitution, for which purpose the fable of a son of Sir Charles being alive had been concocted, the money supposed to have been paid to Thornfield from time to time as a bribe, having been really received by Sir Charles. This revelation is hardly over, when St. Alban, to whom Sir Ralph had confessed all, appears on the scene. He is coldly and contemptuously treated by all the party, and is about to depart in great anger, when he sees the apparition of Brelaque in the doorway, who comes to arrest him as an escaped forger. In fact, he is the one-eyed desperado, while Thornfield is the sous-lieutenant, of the prologue. Sir Ralph is easier and happier now, and sunshine dawns once more upon his wife and child, who is eventually married to Captain Wilmot, the son of a neighbouring squire. Basil Thornfield, refusing all the entreaties of his old comrade to take up his abode at Maudesley, returns to his beloved profession of arms, and meets the soldier's death he had long desired, at the head of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, in the battle of Balaklava.

Such is a brief outline of this tale, the incidents of which we strongly recommend our readers to ascertain for themselves. The Spanish scenes, including the bull-fight at Malaga, although there is nothing very novel in them, are well painted, and the episode of Basil Thornfield's life is capitally

told. The sketches of garrison life at Gibraltar are good, and, as our author would have us believe, taken from life; but we cannot see the wit of bestowing upon the officers such names as Rummer Glass, Todd de Leydell, and Toobey Onnars.

VEREY'S POEMS.*

THOUGH the age is somewhat loth to encourage new poets, and action is more highly appreciated than contemplation, it is some testimony to the abiding charm of the muse, that fresh worshippers of her are constantly presenting themselves. No incense is more disinterestedly offered at any shrine than at hers. People really ought to lay by somewhat wherewith to encourage such disinterestedness, by buying the poems of the simple guileless crowd, which has such firm though fond confidence in its vocation, that it pursues it even without the slightest hope of reward. At all events, they should buy the 'Guardian Angel,' partly for its own merits, and partly because the entire proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to the cause of the oppressed Poles, the author having paid all costs of publication from his own purse. We put this reason second, because we should be sorry to recommend that a bad or stupid book should be suffered to cumber library shelves, for the sake of charity. That object might better be served by a gift outright and direct. But as the cause is good and holy, and the author worthy our sympathy for devotion to it, we think it but fair that his chief object in publishing should be known. His 'Guardian Angel' might win readers for its own sake and on its own merits. Though not a poem of commanding power, it has enough to carry any reader who peruses the first few lines, from the beginning to the end by its amount of interest. Its construction is slight, its story slender, its dénouement slightly abrupt: but there is much beauty in many passages of it, and, throughout, more regard for rhyme and melody than we commonly meet in modern votaries of the muse. The 'Guardian Angel' is a fair being named Agnes Merton, who has been in childhood a humble playmate of one Lord Adrian, whose love for her survives his boyish days. We find him, at the opening of the poem, poetically dreaming and soliloquising in a North Wales valley. Agnes has striven to wean herself from his love, on account of disparity of rank: and, whilst abroad, has half pledged her hand, for pity's sake, and to reform him, to one Oliver, a *mauvais sujet*, whom she stops from murdering one who had tempted him to excesses. This tempter appears on the scene as Adrian's evil genius, too. Agnes, at the period of the poem, has retraced her steps to the happy valley, and reappeared as a bright vision to Adrian. Of course Oliver comes thither in quest of her. Alternate scenes tell us how Adrian mused and Oliver raved of Agnes. Occasionally she vouchsafes one or other an interview, stony or pathetic, as the case may be. The grand finale is Oliver's falling from a rock, where he had placed himself in order to shoot Adrian, while having a meeting with his beloved. The 'guardian angel' and her favoured lover tend the wounded man in his last illness, and close his eyes as he speaks of repentance and reformation. Doubtless, soon after Adrian and Agnes were made happy, and 'lived so ever after.' So much for the plot. Its situations are not ill-conceived. Many of its points are effective. And, generally speaking, we recognise many prettily expressed thoughts, and no inconsiderable amount of poetic feeling in the poem. A few lines will suffice in proof of this (p. 40-1):—

'Far in the north there is a dripping well
That turns the softest wood to hardest stone;
And ancient villagers with wonder tell
How soon the slender twig is overgrown.
And thus sometimes the yielding heart is changed,
That comes in contact with the rugged world.'

* The Guardian Angel and other Poems. By Joseph Verey. London: C. H. Clarke. 1863.

Love is bereft of charm, fond hearts estranged,
Thought, feeling, tenderness, are rudely hurled
From their high places, and the love of gain,
Or fame, or power, or haply meaner ends,
Falls on the heart like petrifying rain.
The tender shoot beneath its influence bends
Deep in the stream, and soon is crusted o'er,
Is sapless, withered, lifeless evermore.'

We wish we had space to quote the whole passage, which, with others of like merit (pp. 7 and 48-50), we had marked for quotation. But readers will do better to search these out in the neat little volume, after they have purchased it; as a further inducement to which laudable end, we may add that the shorter poems which make up the volume are of various interest, but, mostly, of uniform ability. That on the 'Ruined Monastery' (pp. 71-3) is good in its teaching and its expression. 'The Sleeping Infant' (p. 82) is very simple and pretty, and 'The Vacant Chair' will touch a responsive chord in most hearts. We commend the book and its object to our public.

A REPLY TO DR. COLENZO.*

REPLIES to Dr. Colenso bid fair to flood the press of this country, and if every orthodox man felt it his duty to buy all such 'replies' as, more or less, demolish this rash Colonian Bishop, his library shelves would soon groan and collapse. To prevent such a catastrophe, it is well to select one or two works, which, in a brief space, most effectually fulfil their purpose of vindicating the historic character of the Pentateuch, and exposing the crude fallacies of a precipitate assailant. No volume of this vindictory character, that we have seen, comes up to the one before us. There is about this 'layman' a thorough English spirit of fair play, a manly frankness in conceding aught which is untenable, and, above all, a genuine hearty faith in the great truths he upholds, with a gravity and reverence which it were well if all, who serve under the same banner, would imitate. In his handling of the subject, the most striking features are logical precision, and lawyer-like weighing of arguments 'pro and con'; and the result of our perusal of the volume is a thankfulness that the ranks of the laity can supply so sound and temperate, yet without so unanswerable an opponent to Bishop Colenso. It speaks well for the sound training of Englishmen: it shows that not the clergy only or chiefly in this land concern themselves with 'proving all things, and holding fast that which is good.' In some respects, indeed, the layman's calm tone contrasts favourably with that of some clerical champions. For example, in a note on p. 47 of this volume, its author shows, we think conclusively, that Professor Rawlinson, in his 'Aids to Faith' (p. 280-1), proves too much, thus laying himself open to damaging retorts, and occasioning unforeseen triumph to the cause of error. Assuming the sojourn in Egypt to have lasted 430 years, instead of 215 (in which latter number Colenso agrees with the layman), the professor admits a host of special causes of increase, without seeing that the result of his considerations will be to bring up the increase of the children of Israel in Egypt from 500 males, not to the Scripture mark 900,000, but to more than eight times that number. Such overzeal is to be regretted. The layman's zeal is more practical, and is tempered with discretion. His well-considered step-by-step treatment, in Chapter II. of Colenso's famous difficulty, as to the increase of the children of Israel in Egypt, is an admirable specimen of careful reasoning. It shows the author to be no worse an arithmetician than the quondam senior wrangler, and a far better-read exponent of Scripture than the Bishop of Natal. Colenso's grand objection is, that Jacob took down to Egypt but seventy souls in all, and that these could not possibly have increased to 900,000 in 215 years.

* The Historic Character of the Pentateuch Vindicated. A Reply to Part I. of Bishop Colenso's Critical Examination. By a Layman of the Church of England. London: Skeffington. 1863.

Our layman answers that these seventy represent only Jacob's flesh and blood; add to these his servants born in the house, bought with money, or taken in war, and we may fairly, as he shows, calculate that 1,000 males went down into Egypt with Jacob. Thus, instead of 70 we have 1,000, increasing into 900,000 in 215 years; instead of an increase of 13,000 fold, an increase of 900 fold, a rate of increase only eleven per cent. higher than our present rate in England. Suppose these 1,000 males to have increased to 2,000, under the special circumstances of the five years of famine, and you have a population of 2,000 to start with. Our author then urges special causes of increase—polygamy, concubinage, slavery, extensive intermarriage (all which Colenso ignores, but the layman establishes by chapter and verse), and justifies an increase of 40 per cent. (every ten years) for the first hundred years, bringing up the number to 57,845. The change of policy and the years of bondage are then considered to interfere, and diminish this number by one-seventh. 50,000 are thus left. Let this number increase at 30 per cent., instead of 40, for each ten years after, and in the remaining 110 years of the sojourn, it will have risen to 896,000, or, in round numbers, the 900,000 required.

Such a notice as this cannot do justice to the minuteness and exactness with which each step is justified, and each proposition established. Conviction follows from the careful perusal; but it is hard to set down in brief the links that go to make up the chain of evidence establishing such conviction. We shall content ourselves with calling attention to the very able way in which the recognition of polygamy, concubinage, and slavery, as prevalent among the Israelites, is brought to bear, in p. 56-60, on Colenso's difficulty about the number of the first-born males, and to minister a most reasonable solution to it. The chapter headed, 'Concluding Remarks,' is also especially valuable, as supplying a vast mass of cumulative evidence, from within and from without, to the truth of the Pentateuch. This narrative is shown, positively as well as negatively, to have been contemporaneous and historical.

In conclusion, we strongly recommend this volume, as an antidote to the doubts which it seems Colenso's mission to propagate. We cannot conceive that any one giving careful attention to the pages before us can fail of estimating truly the futility of the Bishop's propositions, unless, indeed, such person be one who 'will not be learned or understand,' but prefers to 'walk on still in darkness.'

PROFESSOR RAMSAY ON GEOLOGY AND GEOGRAPHY.*

THIS is a most commendable little book. The author possesses the rare gift of being able to present scientific truth in language transparently simple, without in any way detracting from the dignity which becomes the master of science. He evinces none of that conscious or affected condescension, as if he meant you to understand how very much he stoops to *talk down* to you. He seems, even in expounding the mere elements of his science, so thoroughly in earnest, that he never ceases to respect both his subject and those whom he addresses.

In reading this book, we ought in fairness to remember that its contents were originally composed for the lecture room; and hence the parts, which may seem uninteresting *when read*, must have appeared otherwise to those who heard them delivered by the accomplished lecturer himself. Those very parts would convey a very different meaning when illustrated by the maps and diagrams, and all the paleontological resources which the lecturer has so abundantly at his command.

* The Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain. A Course of Six Lectures delivered to Working Men in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. London: Stanford. 1863.

The book is in truth what it pretends to be—a mere outline of the science. Elementary however as it is, we regard it as being remarkably suggestive; and perhaps the most suggestive part is the lecture in which the author enunciates his own peculiar views on the glacial phenomena and the origin of lakes. There is no point in physical geography which has so puzzled the man of science, as to find a satisfactory hypothesis to account for the origin of lakes. For the remarkable feature in the phenomena is, that the greater proportion of lakes are mere rock basins—hollows scooped out in the living rock. How, and by what agencies, have these basins been formed, is a problem which science has not yet been able to solve. It is agreed, on all hands, that they could not have been produced either by the action of the sea or of rivers; and those who have studied the subject, allow that they are not the results of any disruptions or subsidences in the rock strata, for they generally lie in true basins, not in mere rents or fissures. Professor Ramsay maintains that they are the results of the denuding power of ice, and that they have been produced by the grinding, long-enduring glacier. We may not accept all that he says in support of this theory, but it affords as plausible a solution of the difficulty as has yet been advanced. It is certainly remarkable that 'all the principal Alpine lakes are in the courses of the great old glaciers,' and that, 'the farther north we go, the more do lakes increase in number.' We dare not, however, enter on the discussion of this very interesting subject.

We should have been pleased if it had been at all compatible with Professor Ramsay's plans, to have given more prominence and space to the subject of his last lecture, 'The effects of Physical Geology on the population and industry of the country.' To Englishmen of all classes this topic is peculiarly important.

LONDON CHARITIES.*

THE Shilling Guide is a carefully compiled book by Mr. Herbert Fry, of which we are promised an annual republication. Most literary enterprises of this kind are started to 'supply a want,' which too frequently exists only in the imagination of the projector. But of the genuine value of this little book there can be no second opinion, although the work of Mr. Sampson Low, may to some extent forestall its usefulness. A glance at the statistics, which must have cost so much pains to collect, suggests some curious reflections. In some instances we are astonished at the number of persons benefited at a comparatively trifling cost. In others, our surprise is great that large incomes should be productive of so little good. Why, for example, should Dulwich College, with an annual income of 11,000*l.*, benefit only one hundred and ten persons? The average cost, we are informed, of the board and clothing of an adult in an institution does not exceed 40*l.* yearly; a calculation which would leave a large balance for the expenses of masters and management. This little book will prove of great service to the benevolent in the distribution of their charity. It gives a most encouraging notion of the amount of active benevolence in this country. The city companies have all valuable charities in connection with their guilds. The haberdashers have twenty-four, the goldsmiths sixteen, and many others of less importance. Even the very dogs are cared for; no less than 900 were taken in at an institution in Islington in the course of last year. The largest incomes by far are enjoyed by the religious societies. Queen Anne's bounty, to increase the value of church livings, receives in subscriptions annually a quarter of a million of money. The income of the London Missionary Society is 85,000*l.* yearly, that of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 90,000*l.* The Wesleyans contribute 137,280*l.* to their Missionary Society. The churchmen are somewhat

* The Shilling Guide to the London Charities for 1863. By Herbert Fry. London: Hardwicke.

behind their dissenting brethren, the annual sum collected for the same purpose amounting to only 136,000*l.* The British and Foreign Bible Society is however richest of all. It enjoys an income of 168,443*l.* The scheme of Mr. Fry's book comprises a list of the institutions, the objects of establishment, their annual income, the number of persons benefited, the names of the chief officials, and the mode of application for aid and information. The correctness of the statistics may be thoroughly relied on, as each institution has had an opportunity of revising their return before the book went to press.

SELMA'S POEMS.*

HAS the 'divine rage' of poetry fled from the earth altogether, done to death by the poisonous exhalations of the age of steam? Whence comes it that we can count our living poets upon our fingers; nay, that the fingers of one hand will more than suffice for the purpose? How is it that, as the publishers callously tell ambitious young bards, poetry is a drug in the market? Does the fault lie with the public who won't read, or the *soi-disant* poets who can't write? Truth is great, and we must sorrowfully confess that we fear the last alternative to be the correct one. With this conviction, our pleasure is greatly enhanced when we recognise in Mr. Selma a writer who, though he has yet much to learn, presents us with verses that have the ring of true metal in them.

There is a vein of tender melancholy running through a great number of his poems, but it is not that causeless idle melancholy which characterises the majority of juvenile attempts in rhyme; it is rather the natural earnest tone of a thoughtful mind which has learned and profited by the solemn lessons of life. There are many beautiful thoughts scattered throughout this little volume, and every now and then we light upon some pretty metaphor or graceful imagery.

'Essie' is a charming idyll of great pathos and refinement. 'Dulce Domum' relates a pitiful incident which happened at Winchester some three hundred years ago. A boy had been chained to a pillar for some fault or other, just as his schoolmates were dispersing for the holidays. He was forgotten at the time, and there he died.

There are many other little poems we might mention. One, 'My Portrait Gallery,' is especially pretty and pathetic, and we should like to transfer it to our columns did space permit.

Mr. Selma's poems are not without blemishes here and there, but they are principally faults of construction, and now and then we meet with a badly-chosen word. But we shall not particularise any such shortcomings in a first production which exhibits so much genius and talent, and which we believe gives great promise of the future.

THREE JOLLY POST-BOYS.

TOO frequently, when people of low propensities are congregated together for the purpose of excessive drinking, they find great pleasure in singing a noisy song, embodying the moral code of three disreputable persons, whom tradition has handed down as the 'Three Jolly Post-boys.' Every verse of this song contains a separate maxim obviously intended to serve us as a guide through life, and may therefore be compared to those short moral poems that were called 'Gnomes,' by the ancient Greeks, and were admired less for their beauty than for the wisdom of which they were the vehicle.

This is clearly the case with the song in question. No one could possibly admire, as a work of poetic art, a lyrical composition in which 'over' and 'sober' are set down as proper rhymes; but still there is a strong belief, too generally held, that the three post-boys were enlightened professors of a sort of Epicurean philosophy, of which it would

* Poems. By Robert Selma. London: Sampson Low & Son. 1863.

be well to observe the precepts. The heartiness with which the refrain is shouted whenever the song forms part of an evening's entertainment, implies the opinion of the company, that these jolly post-boys were very clever fellows, and that the world would be much wiser and better if every one took their advice.

Now all this is very grievous. The three post-boys were but miserable, shallow, lying impostors, as far from reason, and even from joviality, as they were from rhyme. What did the blockheads mean by menacing the more abstemious of mankind with a death in October? and why do other blockheads listen to the menace with respect? October is as good a month to die in as any other month. Where is the wisdom of saying that the sober man, previous to his death in October, will fall as the leaves do? Would the knaves palm upon us the ridiculous opinion that lying down to die is only a consequence of sobriety, whereas expiring drunkards, instead of tumbling down, tumble up in defiance of the law of gravitation? Mark, too, the absurdity of the antithesis. The bacchanalian lives as he ought to do, and dies a jolly fellow; whereas, on the contrary,—on the contrary, mind,—the drinker of small beer falls as the leaves do, and dies in October. In the interests of debauchery, the ribalds meant to place jollity and non-jollity in opposition to each other; but their utter idiocy prevented them from carrying out their miserable intent. There is no equivalent to non-jollity in the expressions used to denote the last moments of the sober man. Who knows enough of vegetable physiology to be able to assert that a decaying leaf is not full as jolly as a dying drunkard? Certainly not the three jolly post-boys. The declaration that punch cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisis, which forms another of the gnomes propounded at the Dragon (the landlord of which was, I trust, deprived of his license), is simply a falsehood. Punch increases the first of the three maladies, and is no specific against the other two. Dolts as they are, the numskulls who sing the rubbish with a glow of approbation on their beer-expressing countenances, are perfectly aware that they are endorsing a lie—a lie, moreover, which can bring no profit to themselves or to anybody else, but which seems to have been coined for the mere stupid purpose of diffusing ignorance. Can human perversity go further?

Jolly post-boys, indeed! The wretches have not a particle of joviality in their composition. They might, perhaps, be allowed to bellow forth the nonsense with impunity, if they made us believe they were carried away by the impulse of a happy moment. But to show us that, in spite of absurd praises of drink, they are cold, calculating scoundrels, they have no sooner induced us to die like jolly fellows, and pick out any month rather than October for the time of our decease, than they make the following respectable assertion:—

'He that courts a pretty girl,
Courts her for his pleasure;
He's a fool if he marries her
Without a store of treasure.'

Could the characters of Lovelace and Daddy Hardacre be more disgustingly amalgamated than in these four lines? The impostors would have us believe they were inspired by a flowing bowl, when all the time they are thinking of the main chance. I'll be bound every man of them had a book of discount-tables in his pocket. Most assuredly they were not post-boys at all, but clerks to some law-practitioner in the insolvent court. They only put on the garb of post-boys, because some one had given them a free admission to some disreputable *bal musqué*, and they selected that particular costume, because it was the cheapest they could find.

The pultry fellows are not even original. Turning over a volume of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, I lighted on a song which is evidently the same whence the 'post-boys' drew what, perhaps, they would have called their inspiration. The song occurs in the second act of the tragedy of

Rollo, Duke of Normandy, which was a famous play in its day, but as it has not been acted for upwards of a hundred and fifty years, the knaves, doubtless, thought they were secure against detection. This song is as follows:—

'Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow,
You shall, perhaps, not do it to-morrow,
But while you have it, use your breath,
There is no drinking after death.

'Wine works the heart up, wakes the wit,
There is no cure 'gainst age but it;
It helps the head-ache, cough, and phthisis,
And is for all diseases physick.

'Then let us swill, boys, for our health;
Who drinks well loves the commonwealth;
And he that will to bed go sober
Falls with the leaf still in October.'

The above lacks the especially abominable verse, which, I am inclined to believe, is original; but even in its comparatively harmless form, the poet shows he has no respect for those who sing the song. It is chanted by a party of rascally servants at the command of the cook, who, five minutes afterwards, readily comply with the request of a traitor, that they will infuse poison into the food of which the Duke's brother is about to partake at a state-banquet, the aforesaid cook being the foremost and worst of them all.

Henceforth, if ever I am at a party at which the 'Three Jolly Post-boys' is sung, I shall look sharp, expecting that, if I do not take care, I shall at least be hounded.

BLATTA.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Photographic Teacher and Manual. By ISAAC PITMAN. THIS is the eleventh edition of a valuable work, so well known to all who study or practise the art of Stenography. We believe it is now generally conceded that Pitman's shorthand is the most complete system in use. In this last edition there are several improvements which render a perusal of its contents necessary both to the student and the proficient.

Everybody's New Guide, Companion, and Associate to the Isle of Man. By WILLIAM F. PEACOCK. Manchester: Heywood.

THE author at the outset claims attention to this Guide on the ground of its being 'instructive, amusing, and original.' In a modified sense we are disposed to agree with each of these modest assertions. With regard to its originality there can be no doubt. The dedication is a curiosity in itself. A sixpenny guide book was never so honoured before. It occupies one entire page, and reminds us of those elaborate compositions for a similar purpose which were so prevalent in the days when George the First was King, and the profits of an author were too often dependent on the liberality of a private patron. We may gather 'instruction' moreover from the abundant information he affords us on the history and constitution of the island, and the customs and manners of its inhabitants. 'Amusement' may be derived from the perusal of two or three Manx traditions and instances of the prevailing belief in the supernatural. He gives us beside certain magic formulae which have the credit of being efficacious against warts. To remove these unseemly excrescences, it appears to be only necessary to *steal* a piece of beef and rub it nine times backward over the affected hand. Should any person desire to benefit a friend, who however must not be a relative, he must tie as many knots as the patient has warts on a piece of worsted, and then secretly bury it. As the material decays the warts disappear. Allowing for an occasional inflation of style which should be inadmissible in a work of this kind, Mr. Peacock's Guide to the Isle of Man will be found most acceptable to the intending tourist.

The Holy Bible, literally and idiomatically translated. By ROBERT YOUNG. Fullarton & Co.

AS its title implies, this is a literal translation of the Bible by Mr. Young, whose great achievements as a philologist have long been recognised by the learned. The work is published in parts, of which one, containing the New Testament, is now before us. The author disclaims every intention of competing with the regular version as to ordinary use. The object of his laborious work is that it should assist the English reader to a more complete understanding of the present translation of the Holy Scriptures, by clearing away the obscurities of certain passages which have been loosely or imperfectly rendered by the revisers of King James.

Indian Anecdotes. London: Trübner & Co.

THIS pamphlet is a reprint of a most exhaustive paper which appeared in the last January number of the 'Westminster Review.' While the author does ample justice to the general ability of the late Marquis of Dalhousie as an administrator, his policy of annexations is ably and vigorously assailed. Numerous cases are cited which are painfully at variance with European notions of justice, and which almost compel a concurrence in the writer's argu-

ment that to the wholesale policy of annexation the recent rebellion may mainly be attributed. John Bull, we hope, will prove a more just ruler than John 'Company.' The residents at the native courts are blamed for much of the wrong which has been inflicted on the royal families of India. The Government invariably side with their servants, so that the functions of an ambassador become changed to those of a dictator.

The Land Question. By G. R. London: Truelove.

A 'TWO PENNY' pamphlet on the land question, advocates the claims of peasant proprietors and the abrogation of the laws of primogeniture. The author arms himself for the unequal combat with quotations from various authorities who have written in support of his position. As an epitome of the different arguments in its favour, which have been used from time to time, the little book is worth perusal.

A Handbook to the Modern Provençal Language. By J. DUNCAN CLARKE, M.A. London: J. Russell Smith, Soho Square.

THIS work contains a complete grammar and vocabulary of the Provençal language as it is now spoken in the south of France and north of Italy. Mr. Craig evinces considerable acquaintance with the numerous dialects into which it is split up, and which he acknowledges has contributed so much to its decay. Literal translations on opposite pages of two dialogues, and a popular legend in Provençal, will be of great service to the student in this mellifluous tongue.

The Art of Poetry of Horace. Translated by Very Rev. DANIEL BAGOT, D.D., Dean of Dromore. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co.

WE have here a translation, by the Dean of Dromore, published as an instalment of a larger work which he has now in progress. This latter will comprise a full edition of Horace's famous treatise in the original, a new prose translation, and the poetical version he has now published, but which will then be enriched by copious notes. Contenting ourselves with a favourable remark on the easy freedom of the Dean's verse, we will reserve a detailed review until the complete work is before us.

The Popular Science Review (April). London: Robert

Hardwick. WE offer this miscellany a cordial welcome. We rejoice in the efforts of all who, in this age of hurry and turmoil, are endeavouring to expound and popularise the great truths of Science.

The contents of 'The Popular Review' for this quarter contain two or three well-written and extremely interesting original articles on topics connected with natural history. Among these we specially commend Dr. Ashe's paper on 'The Human Skin.' The spread of such information as this article contains must tend to aid the efforts of social and sanitary reformers. The whole style of the paper we regard as peculiarly happy for the purposes in view. It is at once simple, lucid, and most remarkably free from professional technicalities.

The paper on 'Fossil Birds' is almost unreadable. The author evinces a thorough knowledge of the subject; but having attempted too much for one short article, he has given us a paper as uninteresting as the dulllest pen of any Dryasdust could possibly produce.

Perhaps of all the original articles, the one most calculated to please the general reader is that on 'The African Lion,' by that prince of Gallic Nimrods, M. Jules Gérard. In the light hyperbolic style in which the travelled natives of the *grande nation* sometimes narrate their adventures, he gives a most graphic account of the varieties, habits, and character of the great Numidian lion. It is really amusing to read the catalogue of virtues which this 'mighty hunter' attributes to his grim foe. Over and above the many noble qualities which Gérard assigns to the lion, he unhesitatingly asserts that he has the power of fascinating or magnetising his prey, and thereby rendering the victim so thoroughly subservient, that while in this state he can compel it to precede him in all seeming obedience, to whatever distance, and in any direction, that he may choose to guide it. We however refer the reader to the article itself, where he will find a capital sensation anecdote, given specially to prove that the lion has a real magnetic influence over his prey.

Besides the series of original articles, there is a considerable space devoted to reviewing works on scientific subjects. And lastly, there is a very interesting summary of the quarter's scientific memorabilia.

Deafness Practically Illustrated: being an Exposition of the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Diseases of the Ear. By JAMES YEARSLEY, M.D. John Churchill and Sons.

DR. YEARSLEY is a well-known writer on auralsurgery. His experience as an aurist entitles him to speak with authority on all matters connected with the ear and its diseases; and as the work now before us has reached its sixth edition, we must assume that his literary efforts are, to a large extent, appreciated by his professional brethren. His style, though occasionally too inflated for a scientific expositor, is on the whole clear and intelligible, even to the non-professional reader. In the beginning of his book, he gives an interesting outline of the principal diseases to which the ear is subject. This section must be of considerable value to the general practitioner, who in the daily routine of his laborious profession, must practise auralsurgery as well as prescribe for all the other ills to which flesh is heir. To him therefore, it is of great importance to possess a brief, clear, and reliable guide, by whose aid he may be enabled to determine the true nature of the disease with which he attempts to grapple.

The chapter in which he considers the causes of aurals disease, merits very particular attention, though we cannot but suspect that on one or two points he speaks too emphatically. It is perhaps stating the thing too broadly, to assert that 'nine-tenths of the disease which comes before an aurals practitioner, has originated in a morbid affection

of the mucous membrane of the throat, nose, and ear.' If the author's views are evenly and judiciously carried out at this point, the course of treatment would be very much simplified. The great desideratum would be to restore the membrane to a healthy condition, by local and constitutional treatment. We however commend the whole of the author's views on this subject to the attention of our readers.

Dr. Yensley claims, and we believe justly, to have discovered a new method of alleviating deafness dependent on perforate membrana tympani. He ascertained incidentally, that when a pellet of moistened cotton wool is introduced into the ear of a patient, suffering from this particular form of deafness, the hearing is thereby remarkably improved. The insertion of the wool requires a rather careful manipulation, so as to bring it in contact with a particular spot at the bottom of the passage. The application of this artificial membrane, as the author calls it, has met with the approval of several aurists of eminence; while there are cases furnished in the book, showing how efficacious it has proved in the hands of the author himself. In dismissing this work, we cannot but regret that the author should have advanced claims to which some may consider he is not entitled. We instance the claim which he makes as having been the first in this country to practise Catheterism of the Eustachian passages. His success and standing as an aurist should prevent him from advancing claims which may be in any way open to question.

Letter to Bishop Colenso, wherein his Objections to the Pentateuch are examined in Detail. By the Rev. WILLIAM H. HOARE, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

The Age and Authorship of the Pentateuch Considered, in further Reply to Bishop Colenso. London: Rivingtons.

WE notice both of these tracts in one paragraph, as they are by the same author, and treat essentially of the same subject. The first is a review of what may be called the bishop's arithmetical objections to the historic truth of the Pentateuch. If Mr. Hoare has not solved all the difficulties so effectively as might be desired, he has, at least, written with a calm courtesy, which is not always observed in polemical discussions. He wisely and fairly concedes that there are difficulties in the sacred book; but we think he has shown that many of Bishop Colenso's objections are more cavils—cavils which no earnest searcher after truth should have condescended to advance.

We consider the author has been more successful in his review of the Samuelistic theory of the authorship of the Pentateuch. He has certainly shown both critical acumen and scholarship; and whoever may have been the author of the Pentateuch, we believe that he has demonstrated incontrovertibly that it could not have been Samuel. Whatever may be the reader's views on the Colenso controversy, we are sure that he will at once allow that the author of these two little books possesses acumen, scholarship, and, for a polemic, a large amount of Christian candour.

The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle.

THIS well-conducted magazine has now attained the first anniversary of its birth, an evidence of vitality which will, we hope, be accepted as the pledge of a long and prosperous life. It is edited by a lady, and printed at the Caledonian Press, Edinburgh, by women. The articles are well selected and agreeably written. The list of contributors is a long one, comprising, amidst many others, such well-known names as Archbishop Whately, J. O. Halliwell, Lascelles Wrixall, Cuthbert Bede, Albany Fonblaque, junior, and Admiral Hercules Robinson.

The National Magazine.

THE present number of the 'National Magazine' contains the opening chapters of 'The White Giant,' the long-promised romance of Captain Mayne Reid. This popular writer has forsaken his old hunting-grounds in the green savannahs and mighty forests of the west, to give us a thorough English story of the time of the Cavaliers. The other articles include an interesting paper entitled, 'How others live.' It is a description of a thieves' kitchen in Whitechapel, supplied from personal visits and information given by one of the city missionaries.

Every Boy's Magazine. Routledge.

THIS entertaining miscellany for boys improves, we think, with each number. In the present issue Mr. James Grant continues his interesting tale, 'Rob Roy.' Mr. Ballantyne contributes a paper on Sir Isaac Newton. Mr. Stirling Coyne progresses with the 'History of Sam Shangles, the Harlequin.' Our domestic pets are commented on by Rev. J. G. Wood, and Mr. Cheltnam relates a most surprising adventure which befell a Belfast servant on a scientific expedition to the Nile. There are besides other articles 'too numerous to mention.' Altogether, the 'boys' may be congratulated on a capital number.

Young England. W. Tweedie.

THIS magazine, which is published for two-pence, is well illustrated, and printed on excellent paper. The present number contains, among other essays, a biography of the Rev. Thos. Arnold, of Rugby, 'Anecdotes of Monkeys,' the first chapter of a series on the poisonous plants of Great Britain, and a chapter on British Birds, by Edward Newman.

The Boy's Own Magazine. S. O. Beeton, 248 Strand.

MR. BEETON has done the same service to boys in this excellent work as he has already rendered to ladies in his 'Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.' The Boy's Magazine is equal in every respect to its fair contemporary, and we think we can give it no higher praise.

'Boys' with imaginative tastes will find ample food for their desires in the tales of 'Crosby and Poicters,' by Mr. J. G. Edgar; the 'Young Norseman,' by Mr. W. B. Rands; the 'Adventures of Reuben David,' and other stories of minor importance. 'Boys' attached to 'manly games' will be delighted by the Rev. James Pyeroff's account of a 'Match he was in,' and a description of 'Squirrels and

Squirrel Hunting,' by Captain Drayton. 'Boys' fond of sea life will have their inclination gratified by the 'Story of the British Navy,' as told by Mr. Roberts; the account of 'A Coasting Voyage from the Thames to the Tyne,' and the description of the 'Sword Practice on board the Britannia.' The number is completed by puzzle pages, occasional poetry, and amusing answers to correspondents. The illustrations are capably executed, and even in this age of cheap literature Mr. Beeton's magazine is a marvel of economical production.

GOSSIP.

THE dramatic versions of Miss Braddon's novels continue to draw crowded houses to three of our London theatres. Although we object to these books, as works of art, we consider their popularity on the stage as a move in the right direction. It is better that second-rate novels should be adapted to the English stage, than that our very dramatic existence should be dependent upon our French neighbours. The success of 'Lord Dunsyre,' 'Peep o' Day,' and the 'Colleen Bawn,' added to that of 'Aurora Floyd' and 'Lady Audley's Secret,' proves that we can supply ourselves with theatrical amusement, and that at some future day we may hope to establish a national drama.

Doctor N. Davis, author of 'Carthage and its Remains,' and 'Ruined Cities of Africa,' has just set out for Abyssinia. It is said that he has made a discovery, which is to realise a fortune for himself, and to be of practical and scientific value. He travels at the expense of a company, which also provides him with an engineer.

The Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian has commenced the memoirs of King Leopold of Belgium. The facts are taken from a journal kept by the king ever since his accession to the throne.

A Roman tomb, and a stone coffin of the same period, have just been discovered on the Huntingdon road, near Cambridge. The skeletons have been removed to the anatomical museum in the town.

At Withersna lately, during a storm, one of the four pinnacles of the church tower was blown away. A parish meeting was held subsequently, to consider the best means of restoring uniformity. They adopted the cheap method of removing the three pinnacles still left standing.

A new company has just been formed for the purpose of promoting the more general use of steam cultivation. It proposes to furnish the farmer with the necessary machinery for the cultivation of his land, and receive payment by convenient instalments.

Mrs. Beeton's 'Book of Household Management' is about to be published in monthly parts, with a series of entirely new coloured cookery plates, printed in colours, in Paris, by a new process, to which the name of Eidography has been given.

George B. Laurence, author of 'Guy Livingstone,' was arrested on his way to Richmond. Laurence arrived in America some few weeks ago, and has occupied his time with prominent secessionists in Washington and Baltimore. He is now in close confinement in the old Capitol. Laurence dined with Lord Lyons in Washington, and seemed to be on friendly terms with all the British Legation.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Ahn's (Dr. F.) French Method, 3rd course, fcp. 8vo. cl. 1s. 6d.
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Balfour's (J. H.) Flora of Edinburgh, fcp. 8vo. cl. 3s. 6d.
Barker (Dr. T. H.) on Malaria and Miasmata, 8vo. cl. 8s.
Bowditch's (N. J.) Suffolk Surnames, 3rd ed. roy. 8vo. cl. 15s.
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Butler's (Bp.) Modern Atlas, new ed. roy. 8vo. hf.-bd. 10s. 6d.
Calendar of State Papers, Charles II. 1664-1665, edited by Mary Anne Green, roy. 8vo. cl. 15s.
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